

# *Sketch*

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## Sky Broken

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# Sky Broken

Keith Shillington

## **Abstract**

When Prince starts to heave to catch his wind There isn't much that you can do But climb  
down from the plow And wait— And I have waited— I have lain a long time on this hill Watching  
the congregations of daisies...

# Sky Broken

Keith Shillington



When Prince starts to heave to catch his wind  
There isn't much that you can do  
But climb down from the plow  
And wait—  
And I have waited—  
I have lain a long time on this hill  
Watching the congregations of daisies  
Chatter among themselves after the meeting—  
Letting the grass-swept breeze race in my opened shirt.  
I feel drowsy  
And I count the clouds.

I think that I will move my hill out past the clouds—  
Out into the universe  
And float in the orbit of the moon.  
And I shall look back upon the earth  
Like looking at an opal—  
Clouds moving as bright flecks of fire  
About the bauble.  
I shall have no boundary to confine men.  
I shall have no sense of time.  
I shall play tag with the farthest star  
And race the fastest meteor in madness.  
I shall laugh at the hollowness of it all  
And rock in the boom of my laughter.  
Oh God! The world is puny  
And black is bright—  
I will not return for I am not earthbonded.  
I am any star's equal!  
I am space!

Oh mad mad Icarus  
So this is how you felt!  
No wonder you would not be wooed to earth.  
Fly, mad Icarus!  
Let pride tear the wax-held pinions from your wings  
And in one fell swoop  
Plunge back to earth  
Smashed—  
But undefeated.  
Back to earth,  
Back to voluptuous summer and the earth—  
For I am here  
And the dust is here—  
And one idle feather falls  
Whirling in the calm air.